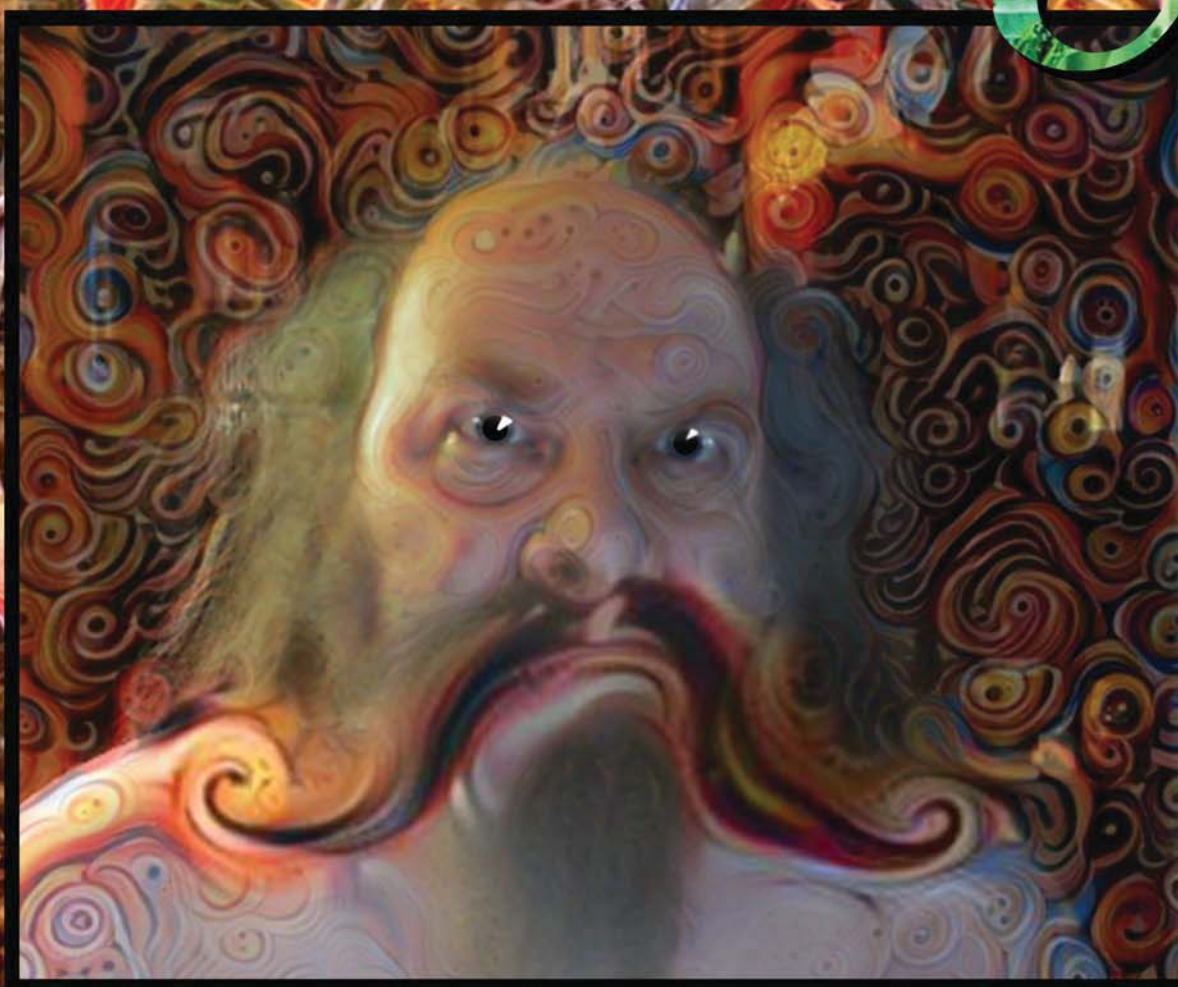
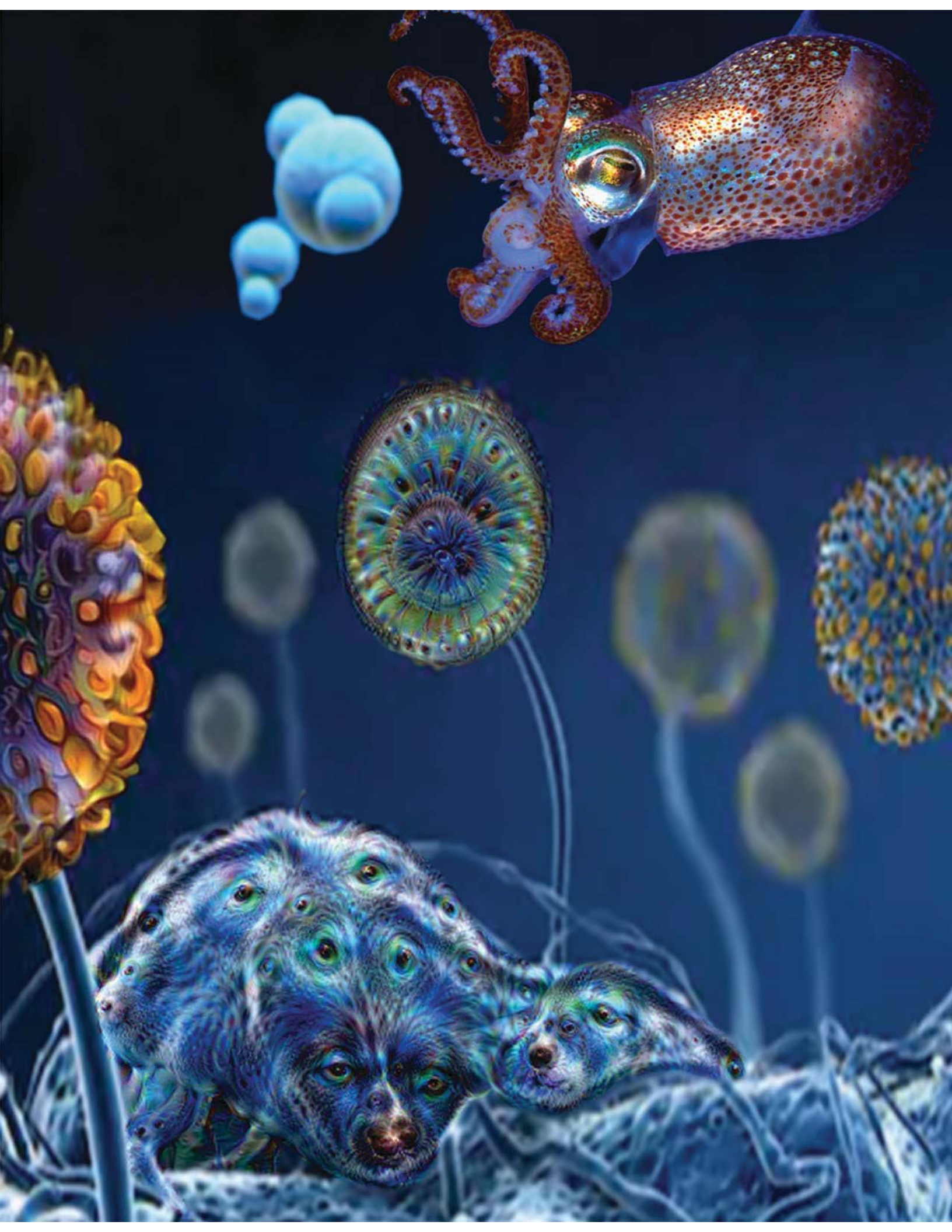


The Electronic  
Book of  
DREAMS

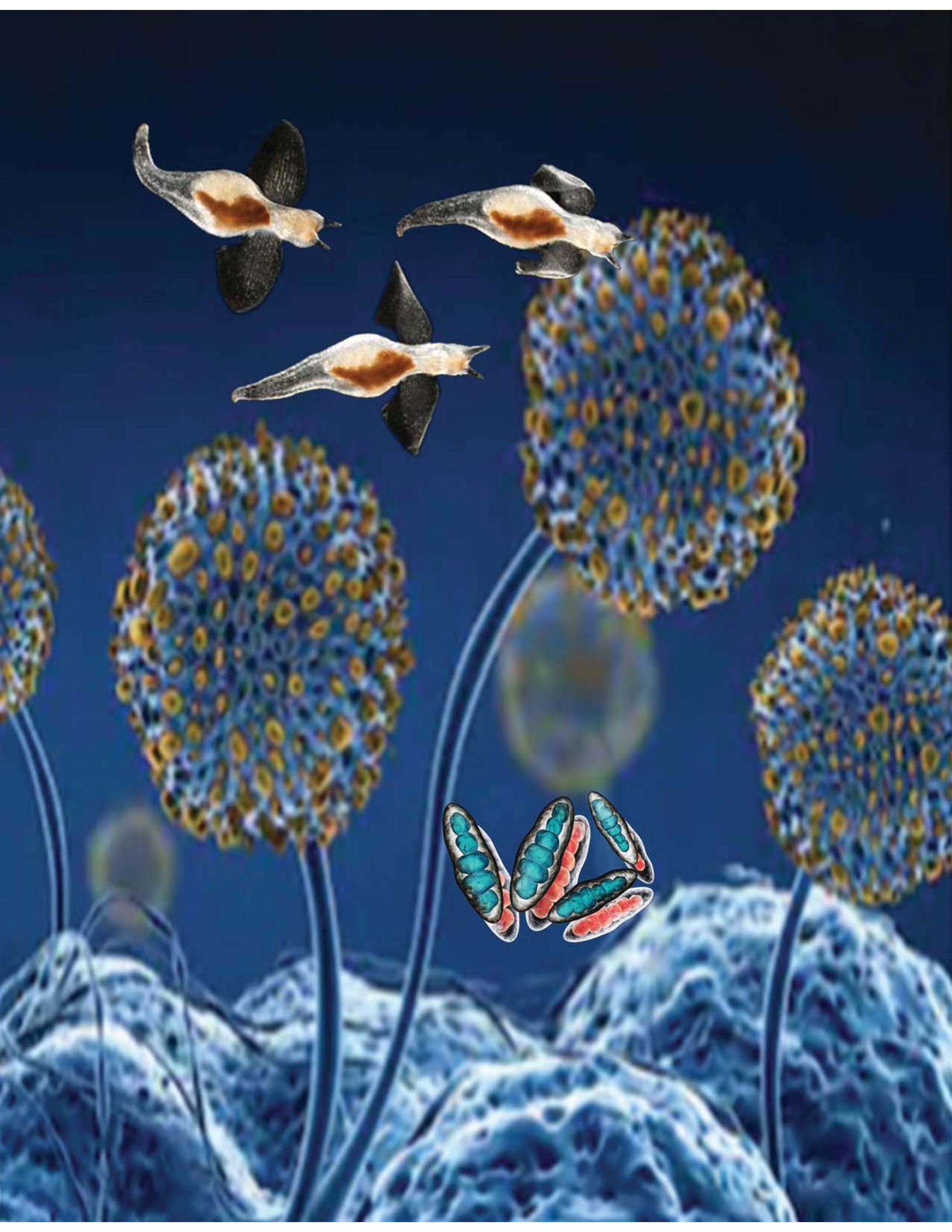


Seth Kallen Deitch







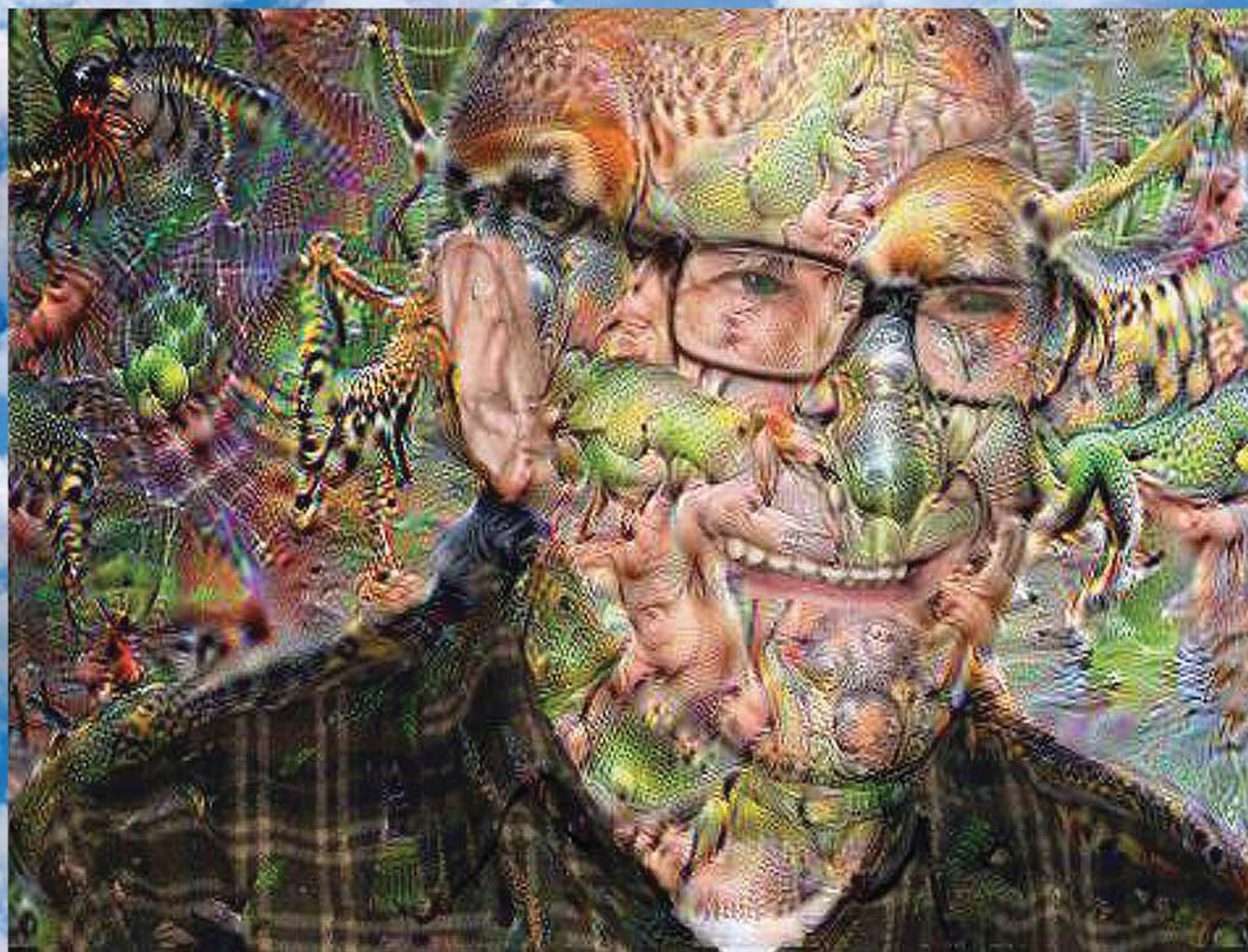






The Electronic Book of Dreams is published by Xenolite Press and is copyright 2020 by Seth K. Deitch. Any resemblance to entities living or dead by characters that appear in these pages are just one of those things that are bound to happen, go figure. The Electronic book of Dreams has no physical form, nor is it intended to in this, its first edition. While the book has no price, Mr. Deitch is most welcoming of any contribution, large or small, you may care to make. Times are tough. Mr. Deitch resides at 71 Spring Street, Watertown, MA 02472





**τThis book is dedicated to the memory of my father  
Gene Deitch (August 8, 1924 – April 16, 2020).  
He was one helluva guy, artist, film director,  
cartoonist, jazz fan, etc, etc, etc!**

**To the very end he was engaged with what was happening now.  
The “deep dream” processing on this image was done by him, not me.  
He was interested in how it worked and  
was interested in my dream books as well.  
This one is his**



## WELCOME!

THE DREAM ENGINE GRINDS ON! EVEN WHEN I AM SEPARATED FROM HUMANITY BY PLAGUE AND PESTILENCE, MY UNCONSCIOUS MIND CONTINUES TO PROVIDE ITS OWN VERSION OF REALITY TO PERPLEX MY WAKING SELF!

THE WORLD IS A SORRY PLACE AT THIS TIME. THE TEMPTATION TO RETREAT FROM IT ALTOGETHER IS STRONG AND THE DREAMS DRAW ME IN. I KNOW I AM NOT ALONE IN THE CURRENT DOMINANCE OF MY INNER WORLD, ALL OF US ARE BEING TESTED IN HOW MUCH WE CAN ACTUALLY STAND OURSELVES. THE EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL WORLDS ARE IN A RARE STATE OF BEING ON A LEVEL PLAYING FIELD.

ALTHOUGH I PRESENT THESE BOOKS AS ENTERTAINMENT, I HAVE A GENUINE INTEREST IN HOW MY DREAMS WORK, IN WHAT WAY THEY ARE THE SAME AS AND DIFFERENT FROM THE DREAMS OF OTHERS AND HOW THEY HAVE CHANGED OVER MY LIFE AND WILL LIKELY CONTINUE TO DO SO AS LONG AS I LIVE.

I HAVE NOTED BEFORE THAT I AM NOT ALWAYS ME IN MY DREAMS OR EVEN THE SAME RACE, SEX OR SPECIES. I GET THE IMPRESSION THAT THIS IS UNCOMMON. MY DREAMS FREQUENTLY CONTAIN NUDITY AND SEXUALITY WHICH IS NOT AT ALL UNCOMMON. I SENSE THAT MOST PEOPLE, EVEN CHILDREN, HAVE DREAMS THAT ARE UNSUITABLE FOR CHILDREN. IT IS THE WILD WEST IN THERE, IN THOSE BRAINS OF OURS! NOTHING IS FORBIDDEN, THE INHIBITIONS ARE TURNED OFF AND SO ARE TRIFLES LIKE LOGIC AND COMMON SENSE!

A LOT OF FOLKS THINK IT IS TRIVIAL OR EVER RUDE TO DISCUSS OUR DREAMS, OTHERS BELIEVE THAT DREAMS REVEAL GREAT TRUTHS, EVEN OPEN US TO KNOWLEDGE OF THE GODS! I PERSONALLY HOLD WITH NEITHER OF THOSE VIEWS. I THINK DREAMS ARE JUST THE OVERLY COMPLICATED HUMAN BRAIN CHURNING STUFF OUT OF OUR MEMORY BANKS AND IMAGINATION TO CLEAR OUT OUR NEURONS IN PREPARATION FOR US TO FACE A NEW WAKING DAY.

IT IS PROBABLY A FLAW IN OUR NATURE THAT WE REMEMBER DREAMS AT ALL. I FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE HOW HEARTLESS NATURAL SELECTION WOULD FAVOR THE MEMORY OF DREAMS. IT SEEMINGLY ONLY CONFUSES US AND CAUSES US TO OVER-THINK PERFECTLY SIMPLE SITUATIONS.... AND YET, THEY HAVE FIGURED IN OUR HISTORY TIME AND AGAIN. THE ADVANTAGE OF SEEING ONLY THE LOGICAL MATERIAL WORLD IS OBVIOUS, BUT FOR SOME REASON, WE SEE MORE.

ISN'T THAT ODD...HEHE.

S K DeITCH 5/10/2020



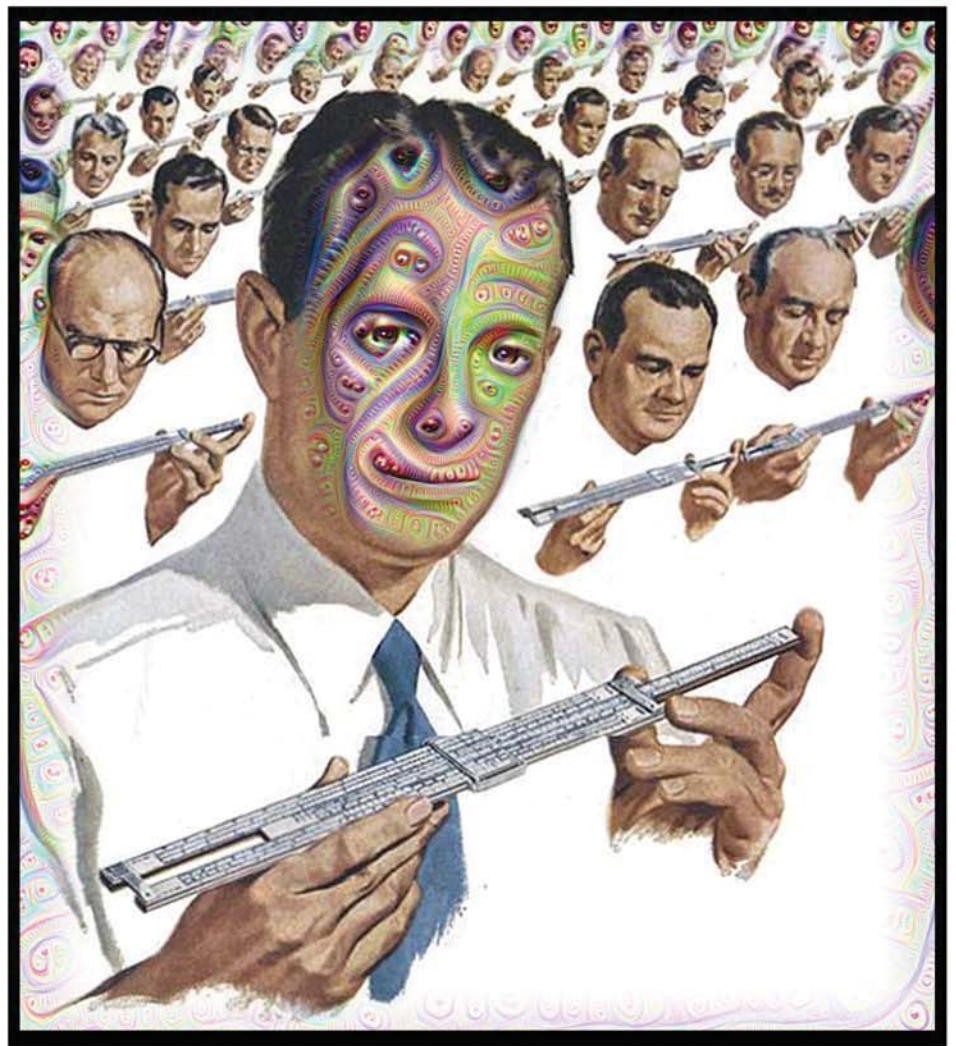
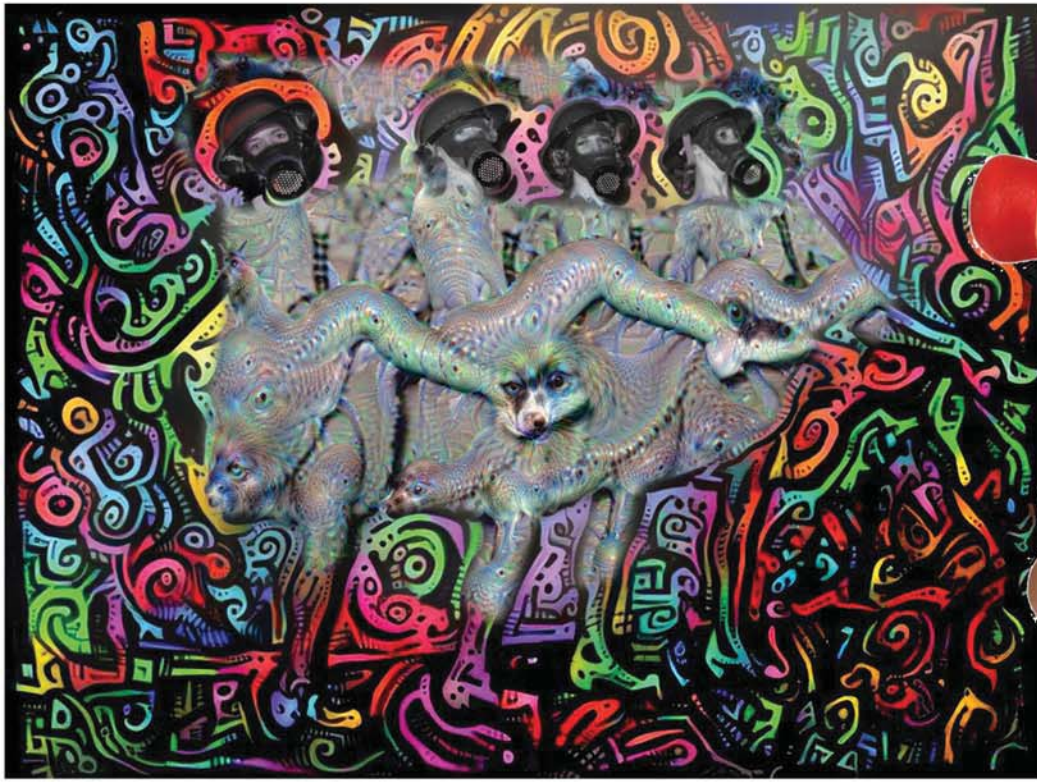




**WHAT IS THE  
MEANING  
OF THIS?!?!**











Yeah, but what is the *meaning* of this?



## Dream Journal 3/4/2017

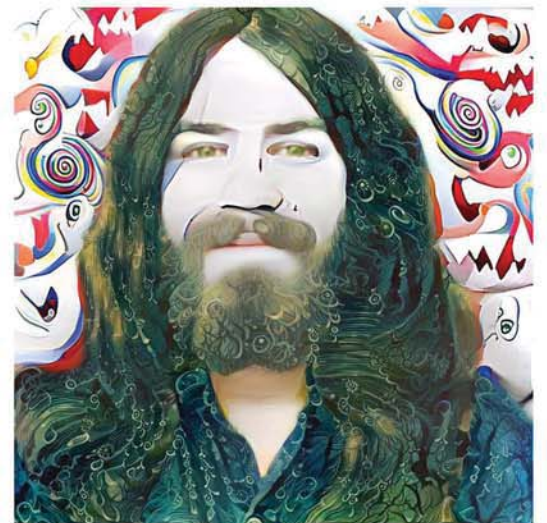


I have traveled to visit my mother. Not where she lived in Greenwich Connecticut, somewhere different. It seemed like a small town. Where she lived was sort of an apartment complex with wooden deck common avenues between the various houses. In the town, the complex was called the River House. They were full two or three storey houses, not just apartments. It was built in three tiers with Mom's house being on the second so there was a wood deck above her roof.

The upper tier houses got sun all day long. The houses on the bottom tier were always in twilighty gloom but they were always nice and cool in summer. The entire thing was huge and stretched for most of a mile snaking through the town along the edge of a narrow river. The tiers were connected by ramps. Many people used bicycles or roller skates to get from place to place in the complex. The avenue was fairly narrow so the house on the middle tier got sun in the morning and the afternoon.



*My mother was  
in middle age.*



*I was in my late teens, maybe  
19 years old.*



My mother was glad to see me, but she also immediately put me to work. She had me straighten pictures and take out the trash. I was sent to the market to fetch various odd products, bags of thick, hard biscuits or wads of incredibly stinky cheese, sometimes large freshly caught and still flapping around fish. None of these were things she served me at meals.



People occupying some of the other houses were old family friends although their exact identities were obscure to me. One of them came by the house when Mom was out to invite us to dinner. He was known for his parties, picnics and barbecues. He had a big house on the upper tier. When Mom got back I told her about the invite. She warned me to behave myself when we went. He had some kids around my age, a son and two daughters, "but they are nice, not rude and crude like you!"





Later that day another man showed up. He said he needed my help with something important. The thing about this guy is that he was in a device that was something like the "lifter" rigs from the movie



Alien II but with much more hand like claws, and he was accompanied by a large, 9 foot tall or so and very broad, humanoid robot a little like Gigantor.

He was a private detective and was investigating something that had to do with my mother's property. I needed to go with him immediately. The robot made a grinding sound.

We went away from the River House into a more normal residential area and we were approaching a house. "This is the place" the man said. Just then I hear a shout. In the distance were two other men in lifters like the detective had spotted us and were pointing in our direction. "Damn!" the man said. "We can't waste any time! Follow me!"

He and the robot headed around the back of the house in long thumping strides as I ran behind. Around the back was a basement bulkhead that the man directed the robot to open. The robot tore the entire thing off with ease revealing broken steps going farther down that they seemed like they ought to given the standard suburban architecture of the house..





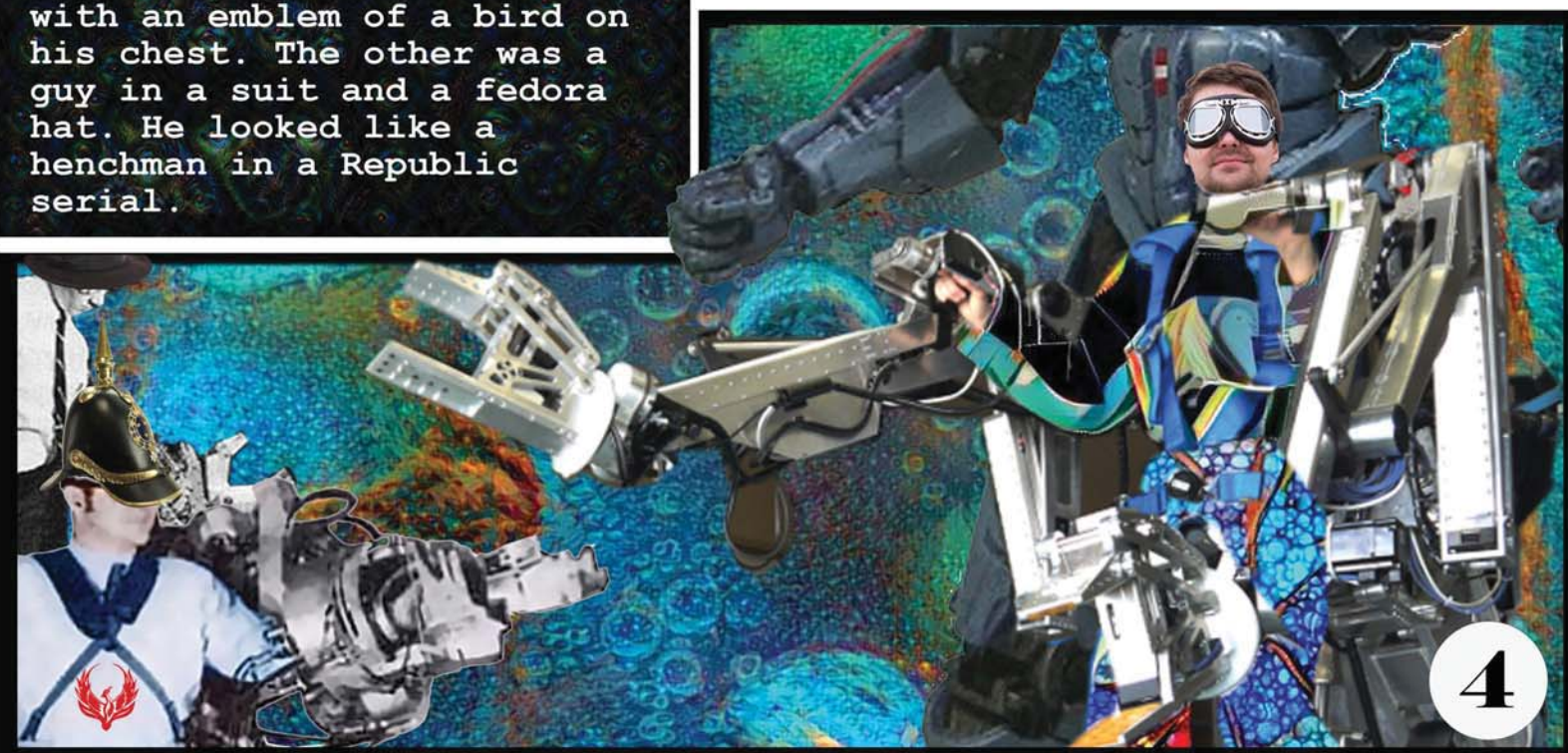
The robot handed me a pair of goggles and motioned for me to put them on.



They allowed me to see in dark and I saw that the detective was wearing a pair as well. We went down the stairs into near total darkness.

The other two were coming down behind us. They didn't have goggles like ours so we could see them, but they couldn't see us. One of our pursuers was wearing some sort of super hero costume with an emblem of a bird on his chest. The other was a guy in a suit and a fedora hat. He looked like a henchman in a Republic serial.

The detective said to me. "We'll hold them off, you go!" He and the robot engaged the other two claw to claw in battle. I ran off down a corridor.





I arrived at a small room that was well lit. My goggles were gone. There were two tables, they both had several random looking objects on them. There was a small monster, maybe three feet tall. He came out from behind one of the tables and pointed at me and said "Ha!" and I was now on one of the tables. I had been transformed into a small disc like a poker chip and I was in a glass box, but that was only for a few seconds.



I was someplace completely different. Somehow I knew it to be another dimension and I was a player in a sort of game or contest. I was a

little monster like the one in the room and there were others like me. We were traveling around this world we were in collecting bits of information that we were using to create odd, flower-like sculptures, they seemed to be of cloth and metal and were as big as houses. The one of us who made the one most beautiful would win a prize. I thought I was doing well at both building my project and at hindering others from building theirs

That went on for a while and I woke.







Dream Journal 7/28/2017

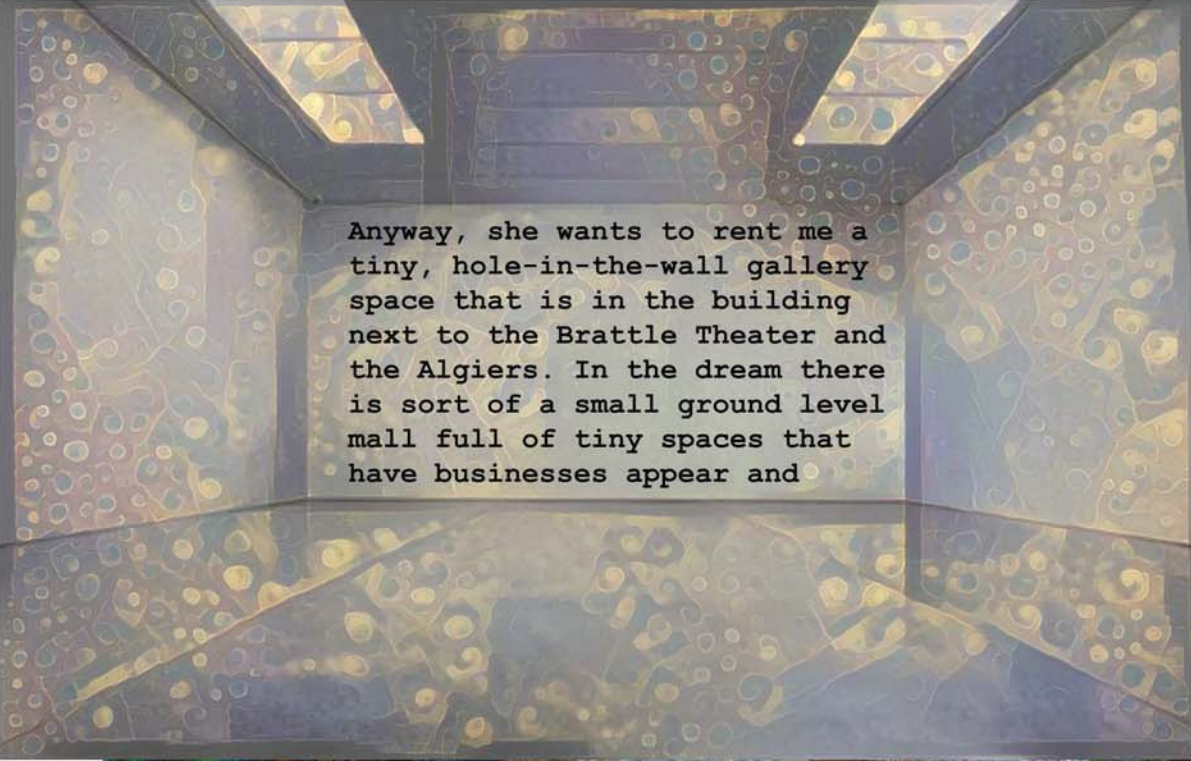
In this dream (and in real waking life) there are many little hidden gallery spaces in the Harvard Square area.



I have some sort of involvement with a French woman whose apparent motive for having any contact with me is to rent me one of these spaces. She is attractive, appears to be in her mid thirties with a slender figure. She has shoulder length brown hair and striking blue eyes. She always is perfectly put together, tasteful makeup, perfectly manicured and painted nails that were color coordinated with her outfit, etc. Not a type of woman that particularly draws me. I'm not a fan of people who are super fussy about their presentation, she does have kind of a charming accent though. She is not actually the nicest or most easy going person. No matter what the outcome of any given situation, she is never quite happy. There is always just an edge of anger about her at all times.

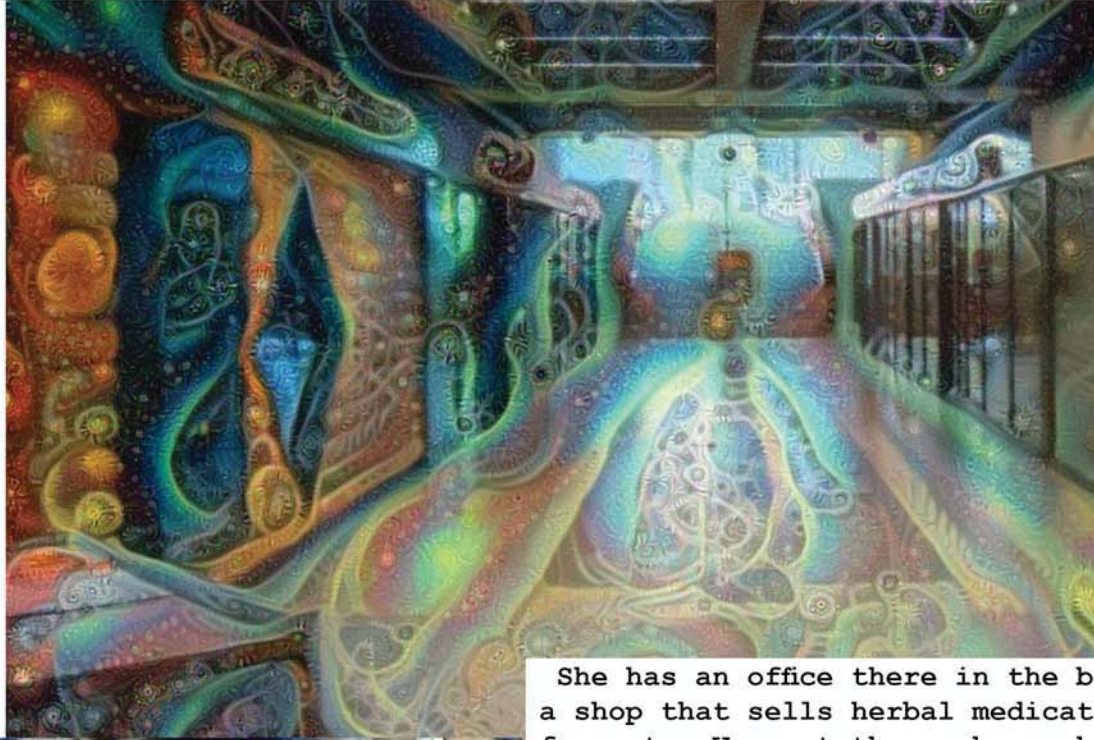






Anyway, she wants to rent me a tiny, hole-in-the-wall gallery space that is in the building next to the Brattle Theater and the Algiers. In the dream there is sort of a small ground level mall full of tiny spaces that have businesses appear and

disappear in a flash in them. They are not visible from Brattle street and there is no signage on the street so that if you don't know a particular business is there, there is nothing that would let you know anything was there.



She has an office there in the back of a shop that sells herbal medications for cats. We meet there where she does everything possible to keep me interested. She gives me coffee and snacks, she compliments me feeding my intellectual vanity by hanging on my every word, laughing at all of my jokes no matter how slight and she performs very skillful, but passionless oral sex on me, all in hopes that I will rent a 300 square foot gallery space from her. There are 12 units in this little mall. It makes me wonder how many blowjobs she performs a day to keep all of these high turnover spaces rented.



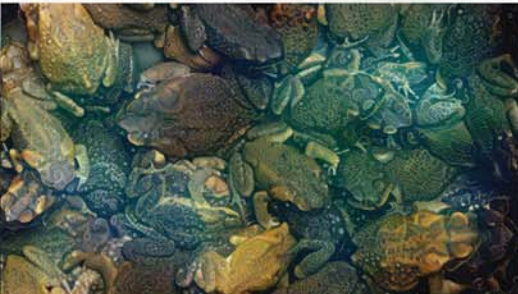


# BROOKS gallery

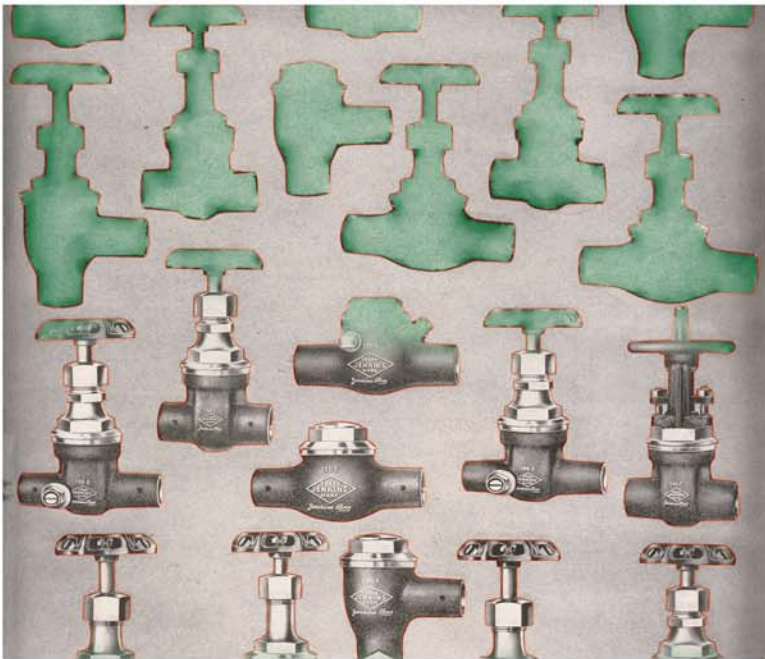
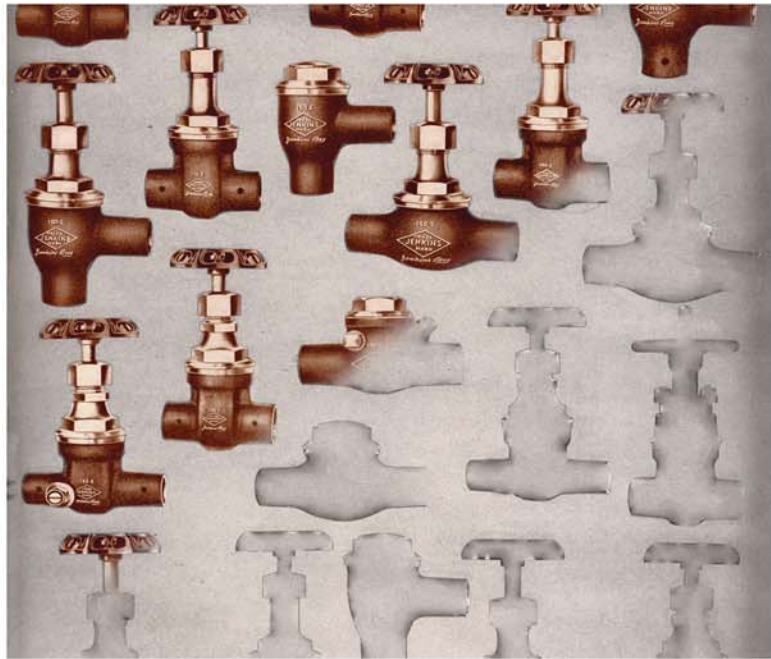
I agree to take a look at a space called the Brooks gallery. The place is obviously in the process of being vacated. It looks like it had not only been a gallery, but the person had been living there as well. There are a bunch of very uninteresting paintings piled against the wall as well as suitcases and a rack of hanging women's clothing. There is a small pile of xeroxed flyers by the door that announce New Paintings by Steven Rand at the Brooks Gallery. The opening date is two days ago.

The French woman has left me alone to examine the space. There is actually a neon sign above the door that says Brooks Gallery, but the letter K flickers annoyingly. I'm wondering if I can remove it if I rent the place. I'm not actually looking for a gallery, but for someplace to perform a science experiment involving 1000 toads. The woman who is moving out comes in to start taking out her stuff. She is a middle aged earthy/crunchy hippie type. Quite friendly. She warns me that if I flush the toilet in the tiny bathroom while the faucet running it will back up. I thank her. All of her stuff is gone and the gallery is empty. I am running my fingers over the wall feeling the texture of the paint. I turn around and the French woman is in the doorway. She is completely nude and is looking at me provocatively.

"Do you like the place?"  
she asks.









# Dream Journal 4/30/2020



I am in a version of the home where I was born, but it is like some alternate universe. The man who owns the place is not my father and has sort of the bearing of a lord of the manor or something.

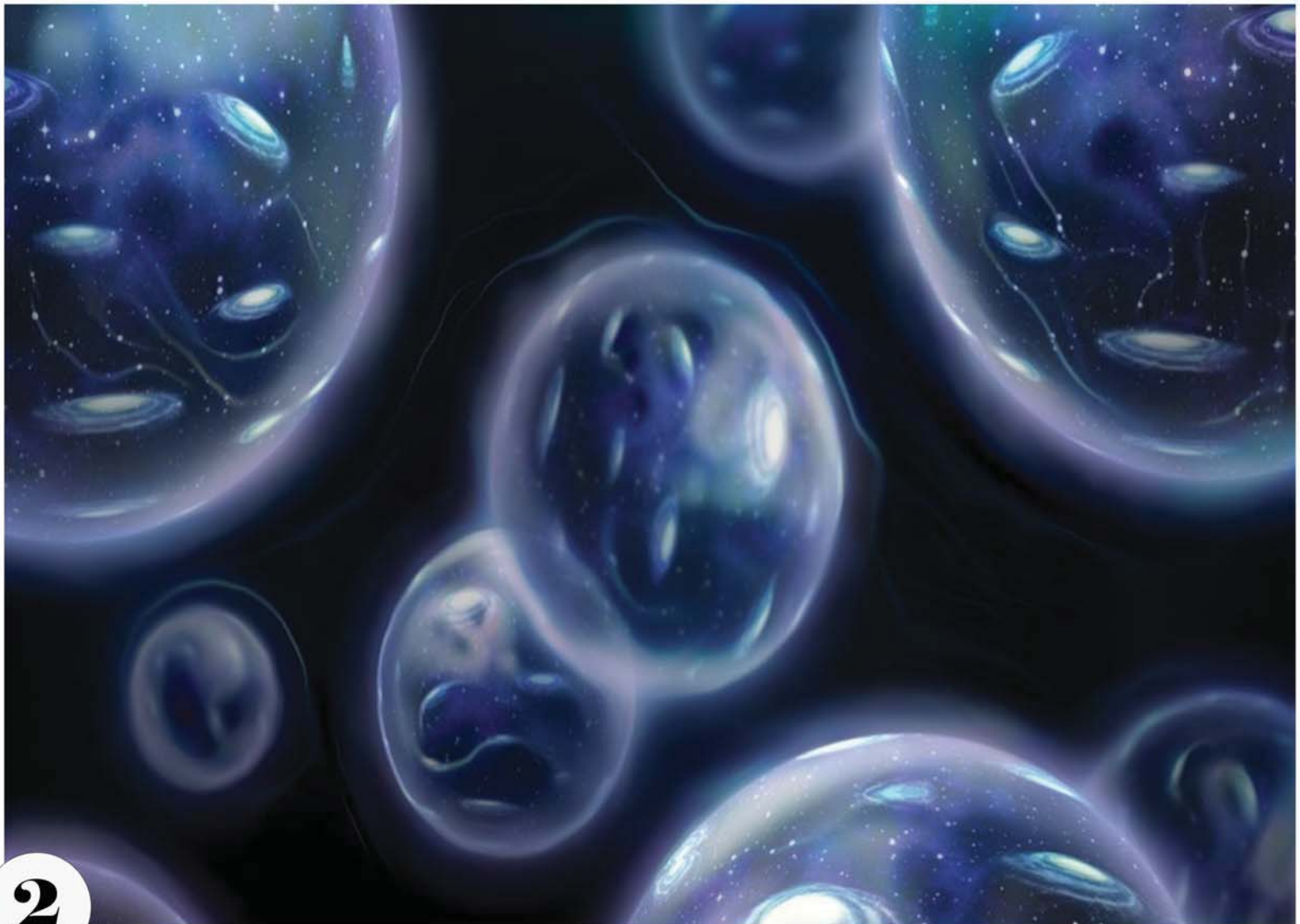




Throughout this my age keeps changing.



I am looking at all of this as if I have been here and through all of this before as if I were a time traveler, but not in the sense that one usually thinks of time travel. I am aware of how the future comes out, but in several iterations and I have no idea which is the right one or even if there is a right one.



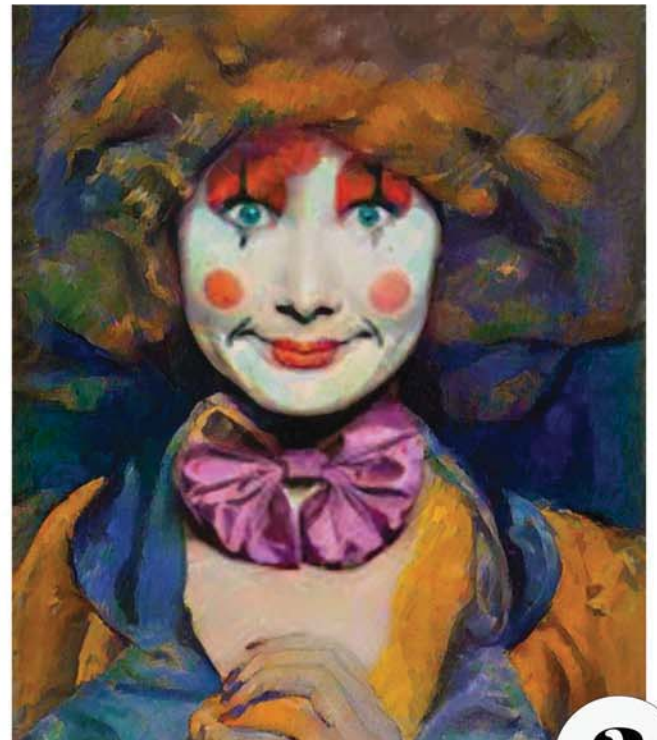
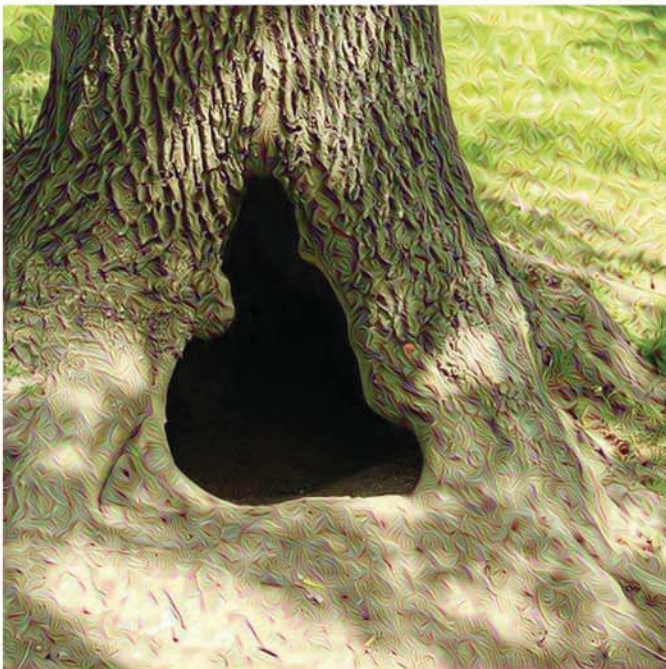




The person I talk to the most is a little girl, a freckle-faced redhead, who I knew as a child although I don't think she is a real waking life person.

She is particular to the dream.

Anyway, I am in my childhood home and I am asking a lot of questions. I guess I'm trying to sort out certain facts about my early life. I know that the girl grows up to be a circus clown and that the reason that happened has something to do with a huge tree in the yard that has a big hollow in it. I use the hollow space in the tree as my "clubhouse" although there is no club, only I use it. Even my brothers don't go there, but everyone knows it exists.





A tomcat comes out of the hollow in the tree, I think through a twist in spacetime. I saw it happen, he just sort swirled into existence.



We tried moving a few elements of the spell/equation and then I had known her until I was thirteen when her family had moved to California and she grew up to be a writer.

$$Bk = 5 * \text{c} + 9 \text{ (clown icon)}$$

The girl tells me that she has discovered sort of an equation that controls her future, or maybe it's a magic spell. Like a string of words and symbols that if you change the order of them or replace one, we understand that her life will come out differently. For instance I know that she and her family moved away to New Rochelle when I was six and the next I had heard of her was when I was in my 30s when I learned she had become a clown.







### Local Honors Student Tragedy

Another and her parents had taken her to Europe when she was nine and she had become a housewife.

There were numerous others.

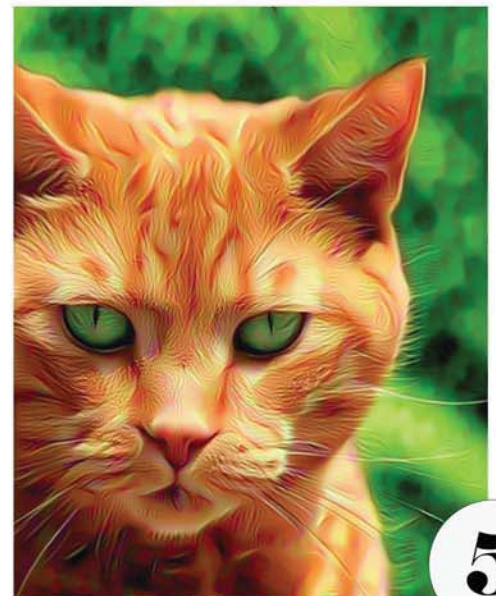
A somewhat different arrangement of the elements and she stayed in Tarrytown and died by accidental drowning when she was eighteen.



We jiggered with it for a long time. We wrote the equation on the wall inside the hollow in the tree and there was a green button that we pressed whenever we wanted to know how a different version of the equation would play out. We would press the button and then we knew which way the future would be.



One time when we pressed the button a second cat appeared. While the first cat had been a tuxedo cat, this one was an orange tabby. The two cats hated one another and whenever they got close they would brawl.







The lord of the house knew that we were messing with stuff that maybe we shouldn't be and he called me into the house for a talk. He was a tall and wide man with a very serious face. He wore a voluminous robe of green velvet and he carried a large staff that appeared to be made of black glass. The staff was some sort of device that controlled elemental forces.

Sometimes it had electric sparks crawling all over it, sometimes flames. One time I looked it had a myriad of glowing particles orbiting one end of it. He told me that the thing that came out of the hollow were causing disturbances in the way things should be.

According to him more had come out of it than two cats, but he didn't tell me what they were, only that me and the girl had to stop playing around with it.



The girl and I are now both around sixteen. The cats have gotten into a huge screaming bloody fight and they are causing



damage to one another. At one point the orange cat bites off the ear of the tuxedo cat, but tuxedo scratches out one of oranges eyes, but neither backs off. It seems to be a battle to the death. Me and the girl are both making noise

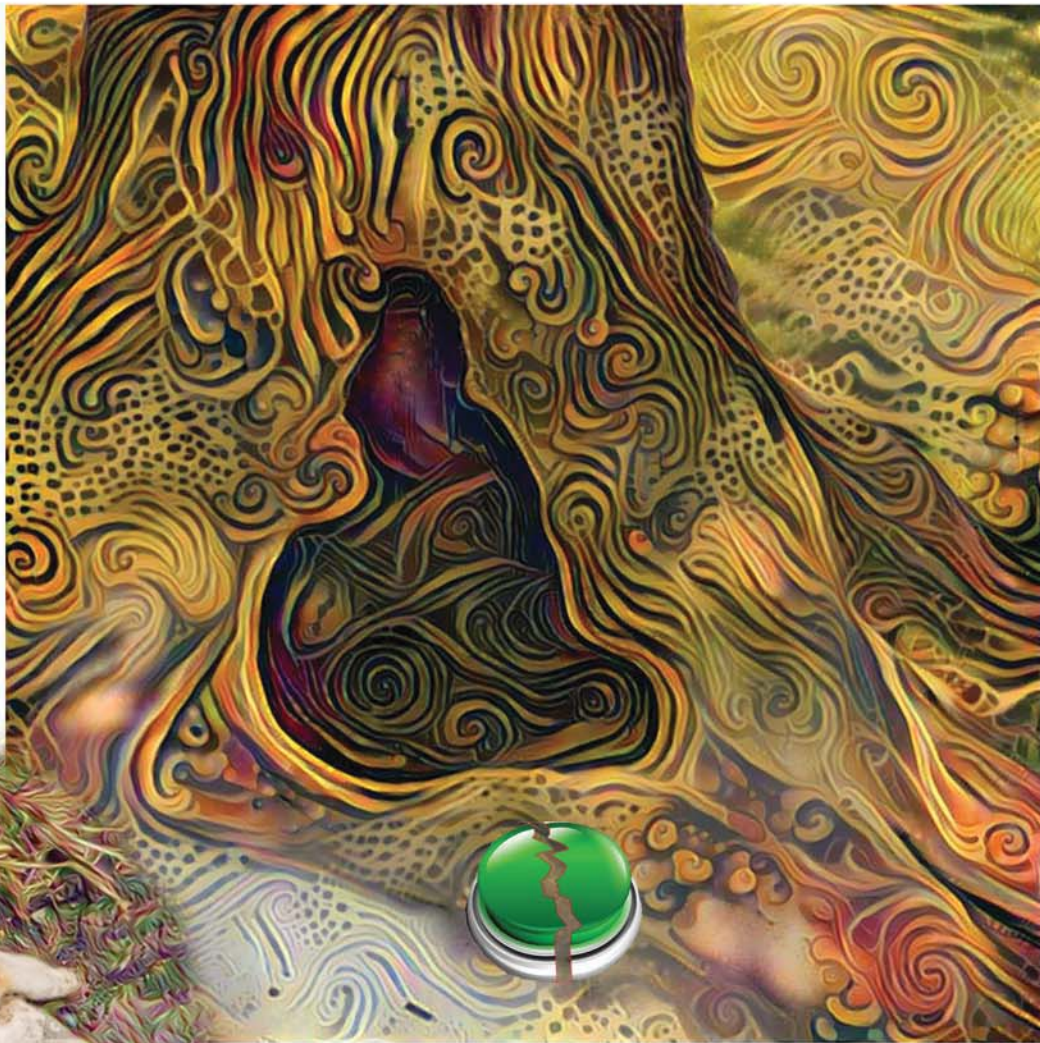


trying to get them to stop, but it seems way too dangerous to approach them to physically separate them. The fight at one point moves into the hollow in the tree and both emerge a bit later bloody and exhausted and collapse.



I carefully approach  
and tuxedo is  
wounded but alive and  
orange is dead.

The girl shouts for  
me to come look in  
the hollow. The cat  
fight has pulled the  
green button out of  
the wall in the  
hollow and broken it.

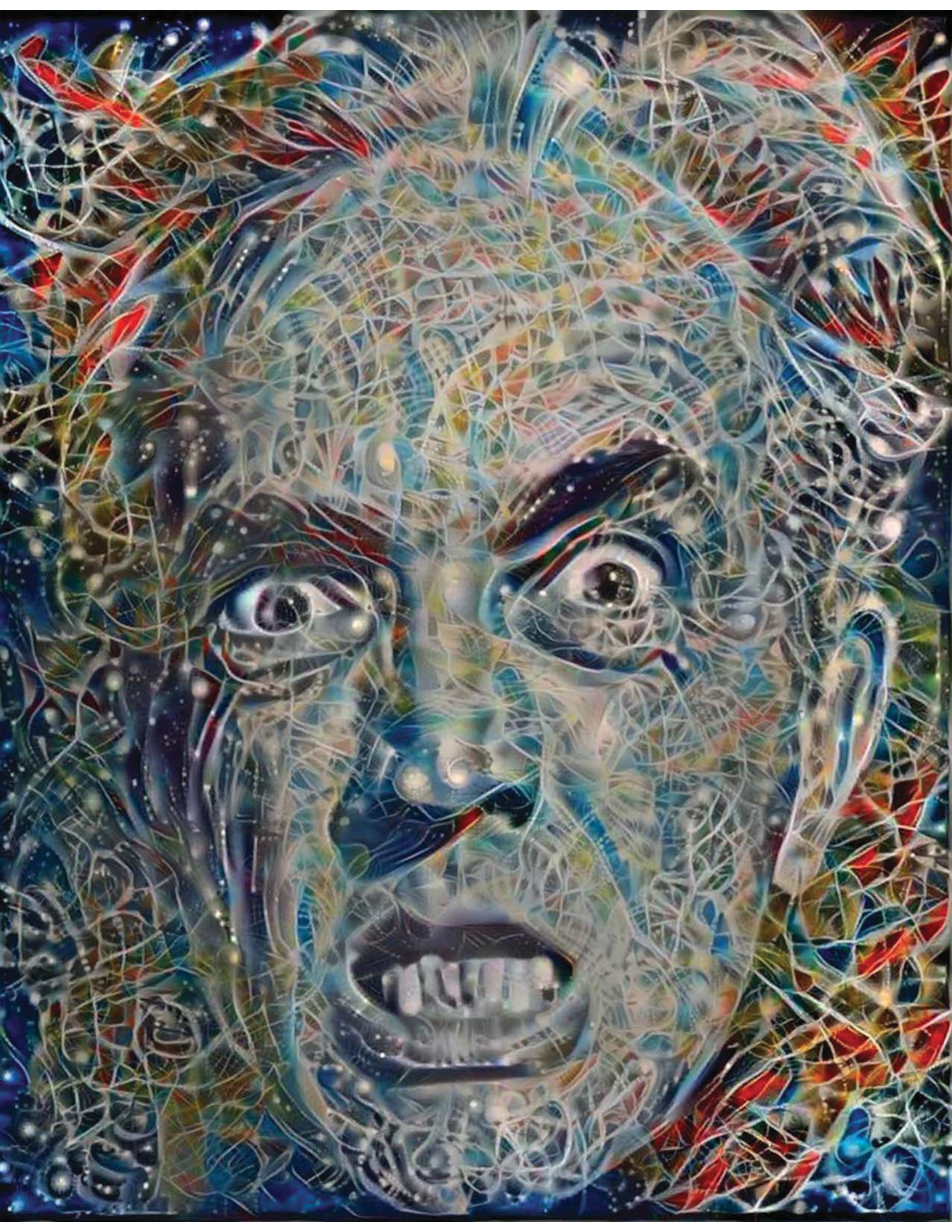


I pick up the body of the  
orange cat and toss it in a  
little brook that runs through  
the yard.



I wake.











# Dream Journal 3/16/2020



I am a young man and I am living in the town where I spent my youth, but it and I are different in a number of ways. I, my mother and two brothers occupy a building that resembles a castle with many rooms. The place looks like it could be quite ancient.



My mother is mute and only communicates by nodding or shaking her head.



My brothers are a couple of rowdies who are more concerned about getting one up on one another than anything I might be up to.



I have a girlfriend, a short, curvaceous and very pretty Latina with a prominent butt and bosom. She is with me everywhere I go, but I can't always see her and I may be the only person who can see her at all. Her name is Rose. I think that maybe she was supposed to be imaginary.

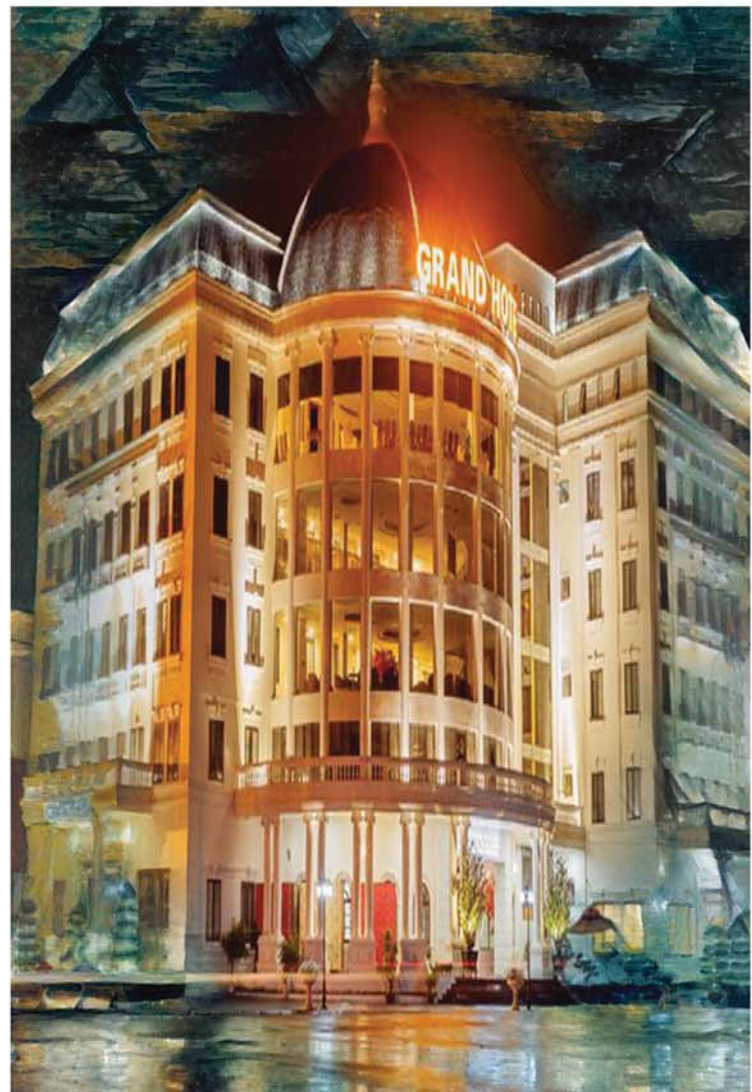


I have a job where I make complicated arrangements of objects on rolling shelves that include books, curios, small mechanical devices and bottles of various liquors. A few other people work with me in a small factory the site of where in my town. In spite we make sell for a lot skill to do, we are not



that is located on the YMCA really was of the fact that what of money and takes paid all that much.

At night I set out on my bicycle for a place that also never existed in my town, a huge grand hotel.





When I would go there at night there were always fabulously dressed rich people having a big party.

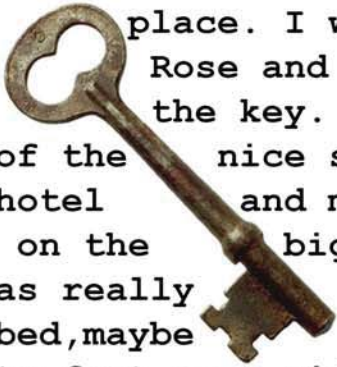


In some rooms it was a dinner gathering, in others a ball and in others still, a debauched orgy of drinking, drugs and abandoned sex. I acted like I belonged there and the party people seemed to assume that I was part of the service staff. If one of them asked me to refill a drink or bring them a snack, I would oblige them as part of my cover.





I could open any door in the place. I would just ask Rose and she would have the key. We took one of the nice suites in the hotel and made love on the big bed. It was really quite a big bed, maybe about twenty feet on a side!



There was a library in the building, like a huge college library with many ancient volumes. The pages of all of the books were printed in this difficult to read blackletter font a bit like a 19th century German book, but they were in English. Even so, Rose could read them better than I could and would read pages from them out loud to me.

The monsters of this land are actually quite small, but persons who live there are even smaller and are terrified of them every hour of every day. They hold up one of their gods to be their god to whom they must sacrifice one of their every new moon without fail or they believe that the gods will devour them all.

The books I was most interested in were illustrated science textbooks having to do with the animal life of a continent where dinosaurs still existed, but they were quite small.





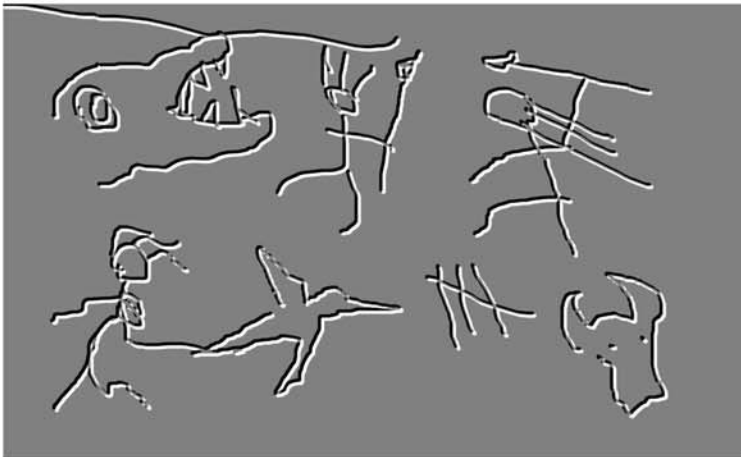
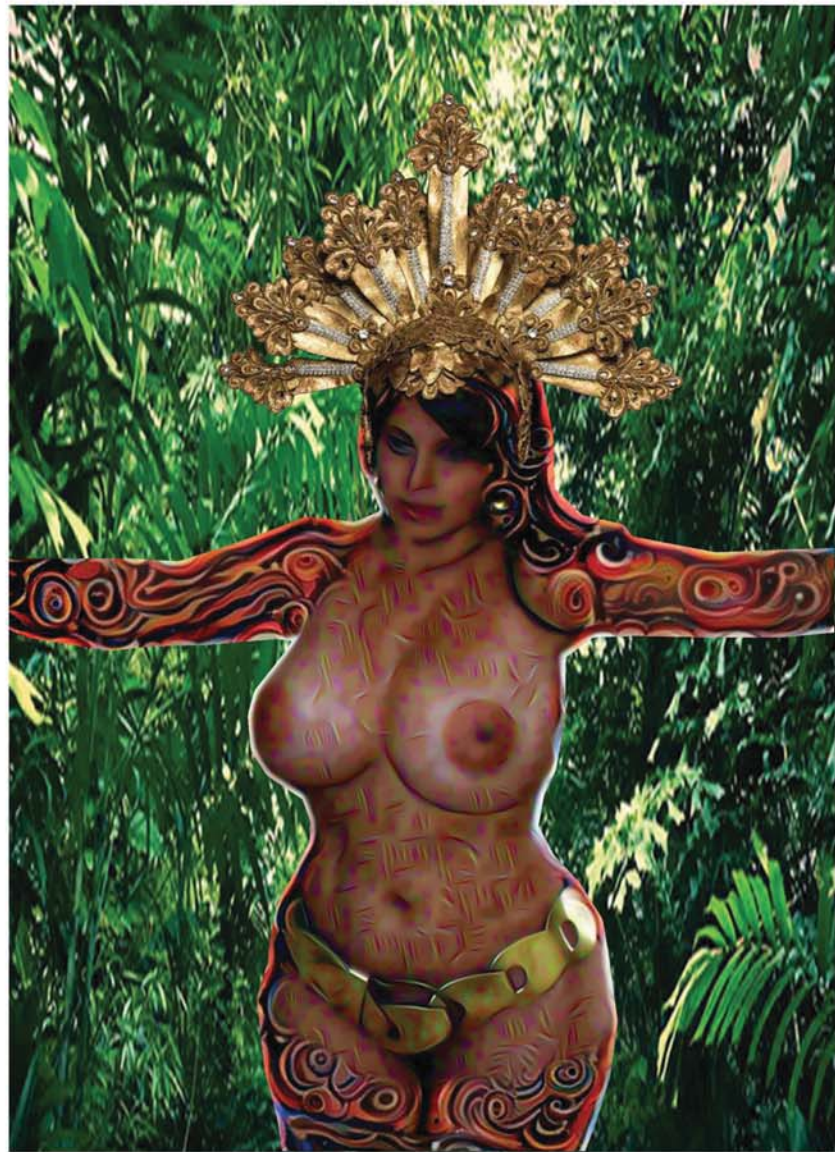
There were creatures like a brachiosaurus or a tyrannosaurus, but they were only the size of a poodle. There were people who lived in that land and they were proportionally sized to the dinosaurs, about the size of cockroaches. I was looking at an illustration of one of their villages, they were naked, primitive hunter/gatherer types who lived in simple mud huts and I was now in the village with them. I was mostly naked with only a necklace of shells and a few feathers in my hair and so was Rose.





The people could see Rose. These people worshiped a great carnivorous dinosaur called **Gorban** who had to be appeased with a human sacrifice at every new moon.

They made Rose their queen and she offered me up for the sacrifice.



Mine was added to a list of names in a petroglyph on a mountain side in an alphabet made from stylized images of dinosaurs, men and women and trees.

6

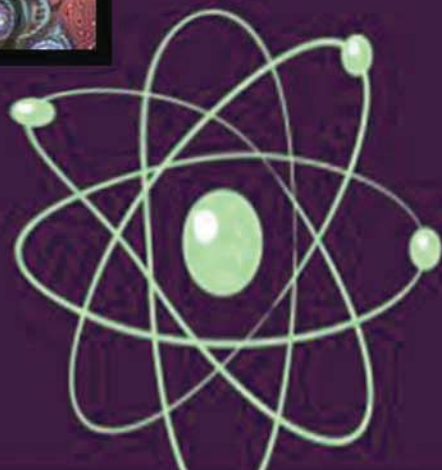
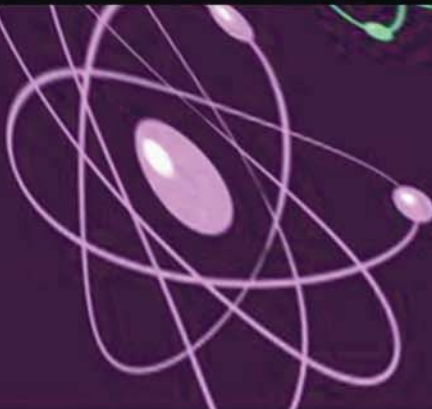
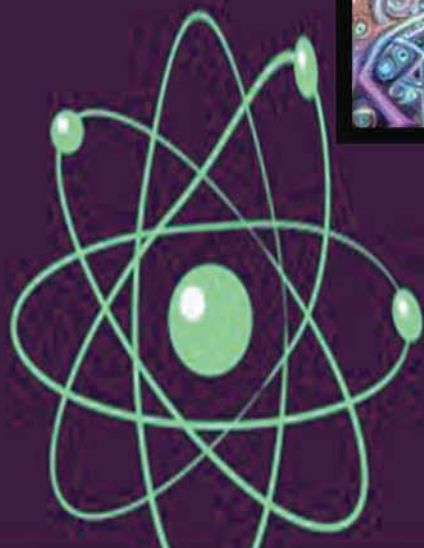
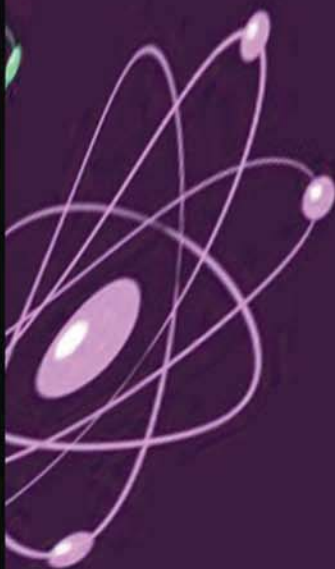
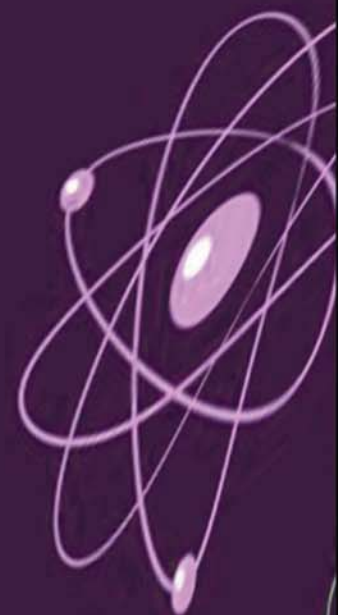
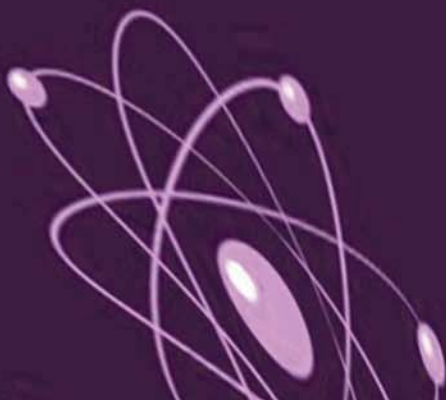


I was chained upon a high stone column to await my fate. I begged Rose for the key out of this place and she stood on the column beside me and held it tantalizingly before my face.

I was back in the library, but Rose was no longer there.

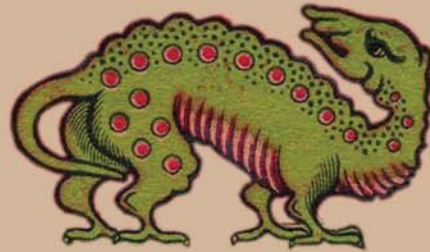
I laughed and awakened breathing hard and maybe laughing a little bit.







# ԳՇԹԻ ԽՆՄԻ



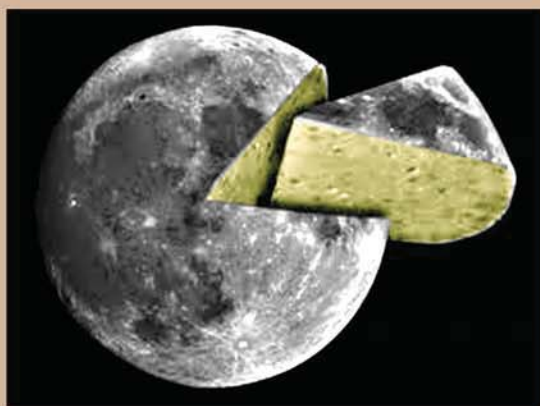
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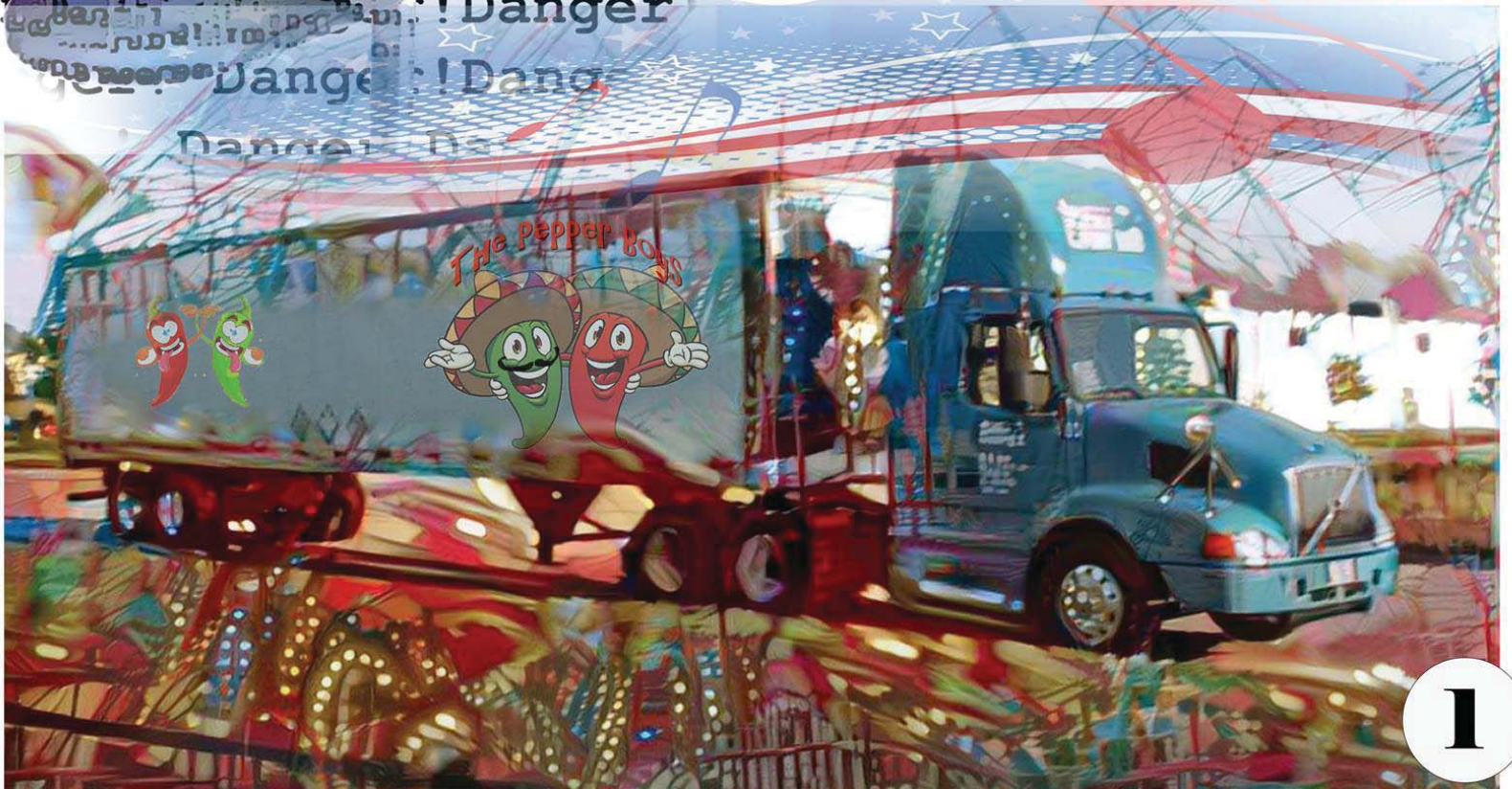
## A portrait of a middle-aged man with light-colored hair, wearing a dark suit, light blue shirt, and a patterned tie. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. The background is a vibrant, multi-colored pattern of small, repeating geometric shapes.

He is to be given a cash award for his good deeds and that award is to take the form of a special check made out to cash

that will be printed in a very local paper,  
the Coney Island Free.

reprobate decided to purloin it.

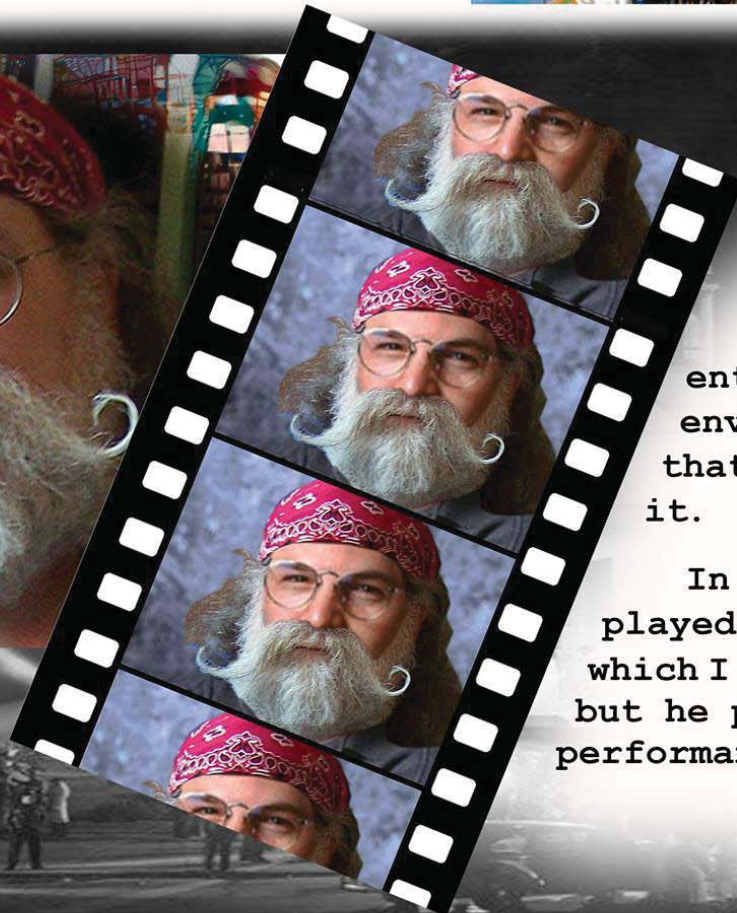
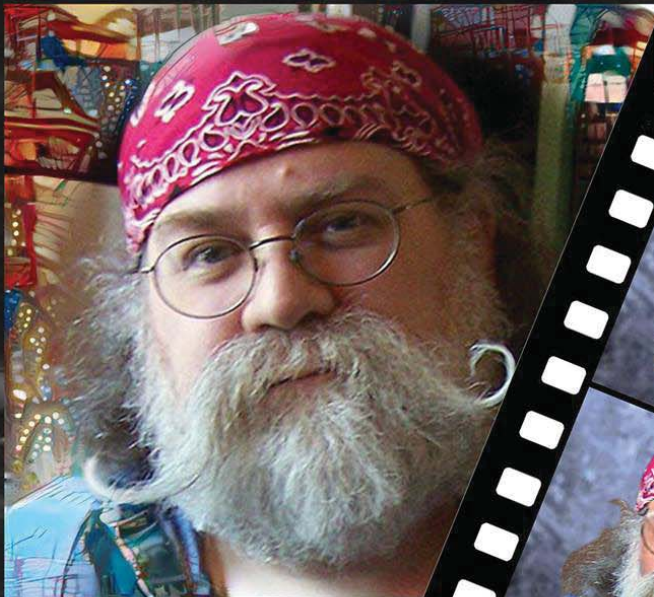
I hop in my 18 wheeler which happens to be hauling a container full of ancho peppers and head for Coney Island via I-95. There is patriotic music playing and I'm the hero!





In Coney Island there is a bad guy plotting to steal the paper from the mailbox. He wears a spandex costume that has a roadmap theme. My progress toward Coney Island can be seen as a moving dot on his chest. He had some clever comic book villain name, but I can't remember it.

His evil lair is near the docks in Brooklyn. He is Jim Carrey \*or\* he is played by Jim Carrey in the movie they make about this, I'm just not sure.



Throughout this entire thing I am also envisioning the film that will be made about it.

In the movie, I'm played by Jason Alexander, which I hate the idea of, but he puts in a fine performance nonetheless.



Anyway, via telepathy, I induce a huge steel girder to fall on the bad guy as he is racing to the mailbox and he is no longer in the picture.



I arrive at Coney Island where I deliver my container of peppers and then head for the guy's mailbox. His house just happens to be part of the same building where I unloaded the container, so instead of driving there I rush through the inside and out the front door to the mail box.





I almost miss the paper because it is so small.  
It is just a folded sheet of newsprint like a supermarket flyer.  
The check is printed right on the front.

**CONEY Fee ISLAND**

Præsent vestium moleie lacus invellit ipsum auctor.

>Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, conset tetuer adipis cing elit done mit derame.

Præsent vestibulum molestie lacus. Aenean nonummy hendrerit mauris. Phasellus porta. Fusce suscipit Donec eget tellus non erat lacinia fermentum. Donec in velit vel ipsum auctor pulvinar. Proin ullamcorper urna et felis. Fusce susvarius mi. Cum sociis natoque penatibus et magnis dis parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus. Nulla dui. Fusce feugiat malesuada odio. Morbi nune odio, gravida at, cursus nec, luctus a, lorem. Maecenas tristique orci ac sem. Duis ultricies pharetra magna.

**CASH**

PAY TO THE ORDER OF **One Zillion and 00/100**

MEMO For all the good stuff

*The Schenck*

**Proclamation**

Garble gerble garble Garble Garble  
gerble garble Garble Garble  
Garble gerble garble Garble gerble

Præsent vestibulum molestie lacus. Aenean nonummy henderit mauris. Phasellus porta. Fusce suscipit Donec eget tellus non erat lacinia fermentum. Donec in velit vel ipsum auctor pulvinar. Proin ullamcorper urna et felis. Fusce suscipit. Cum sociis natoque penatibus et magnis dis parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus. Nulla dui. Fusce feugiat malesuada odio. Morbi nunc odio, gravida at, cursus nec, luctus a, lorem. Maecenas tristique orci ac sem. Duis ultricies pharetra magna.

Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consee  
 tetuer suscipit adipiscin elit. Praesen  
 vestibulum molestie lacus. Aenean  
 hendrerit mauris. Phasellus  
 e suscipit Donec eget tellus  
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 sum auctor pulvinar. Proin  
 urna et felis.

1. 02. 03. 04. 05. 06. 07. 08. 09. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839.

1997

Garble gerble garble Garble Garble  
gerble garble Garble gerble garble  
Garble gerble garble Garble gerble

[illegible]







# Dream Journal 8/13/2018

*Another very vivid sex dream. These are becoming more frequent. These dreams seem to engage a whole different sensorium than most of my other dreams. My senses of touch and smell are far more heightened. Different parts of my brain must be active when I have these dreams.*



A young woman I know drops by my office. She is a lovely brunette. Very young, no older than twenty. She has a nice figure, on the curvy side with a prominent butt and medium sized bosom. She has always caught my eye, but I have always tried not to stare. I wouldn't want her to think I'm a creepy old man. Our relationship has always been cordial.

Today she is wearing a gray dress that accents her figure well. Its hemline is right above her knees. She is in a bubbly mood. "Hi! How was your weekend?"



“Oh, pretty ordinary. I did shopping, got a few things done around the house. What about you? Did you do anything fun?”

She looked only slightly shy. “Well, me and a couple of my friends, we all went and got our pussies waxed!”

I wasn’t sure I had heard her correctly. “Pardon?”

“Yeah! No hair down there! It’s \*so\* smooth!”

“Wow!”

“I know, right? I just can’t stop touching it!” she pauses and then, “You want to see?”

I’m not sure what to do. “That doesn’t seem like it would be appropriate, I mean....”

“I want to show you. It’s ok. Just between you and me.” She lifts up her dress. She isn’t wearing panties. Her lower belly curves out just a bit, her thighs are plump and curvy. Her vulva is bare and smooth like peach colored porcelain. She spreads her legs slightly revealing a little farther down where her inner lips protrude just a bit. They are the color of watermelon flesh.

Again, I say “Wow.”

“You should touch it, it’s \*so\* smooth!”

“I don’t think.....”

“It’s ok, I want you to. Go ahead. Don’t finger me or anything, just feel how smooth it is!”

I timidly reach out and place my hand on her lower belly and move down slowly. Her vulva is soft and smooth and radiates warmth. when my hand makes contact she softly says “Ooooo” My fingers barely touch her inner lips which are just a bit moist. I held myself back from parting her labia with my fingers and pulled my hand away. “See what I mean?” She said. “Soo smooth!” She dropped her dress back down.

I woke just as I was raising my hand to my nose for a sniff.







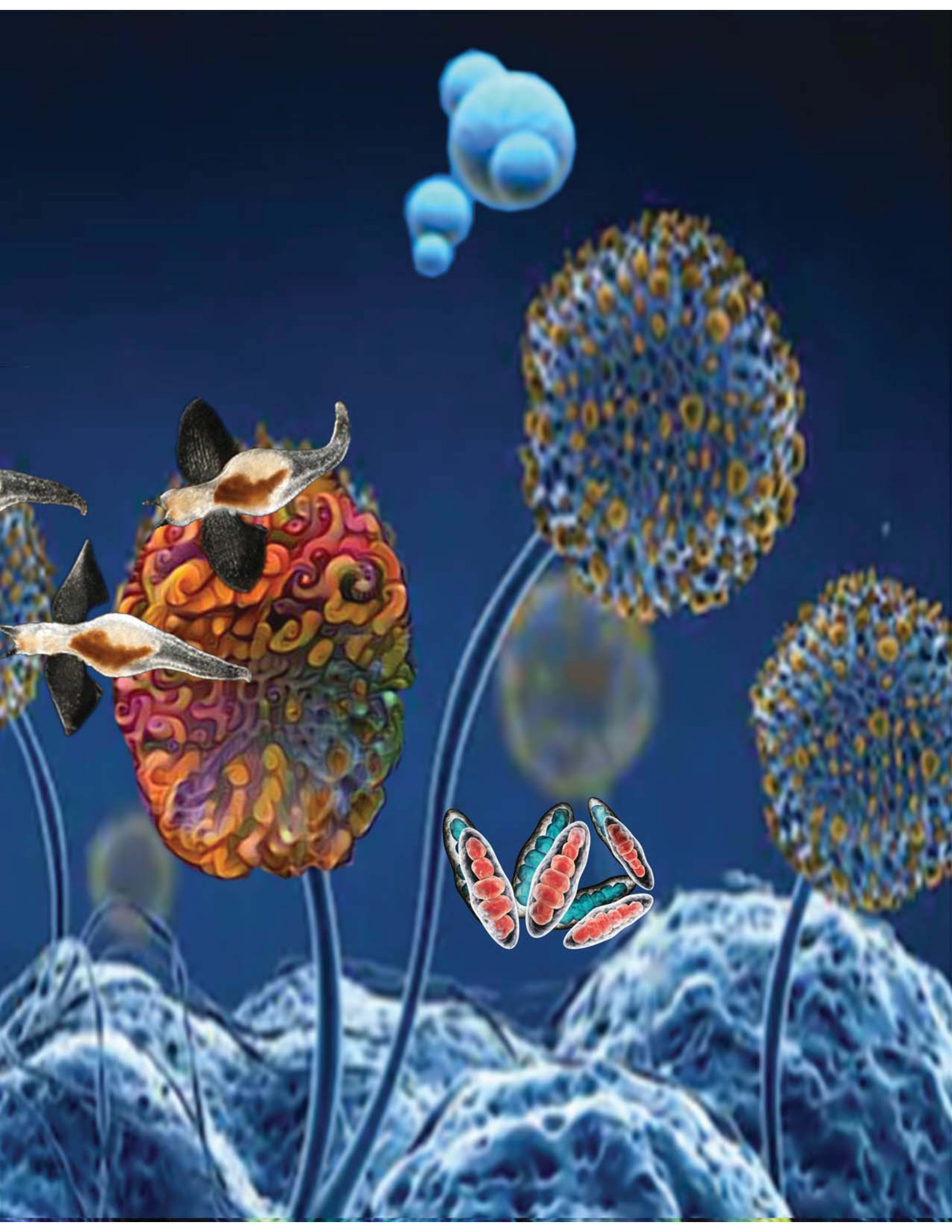


*The Dream Engine bids you Good Night*

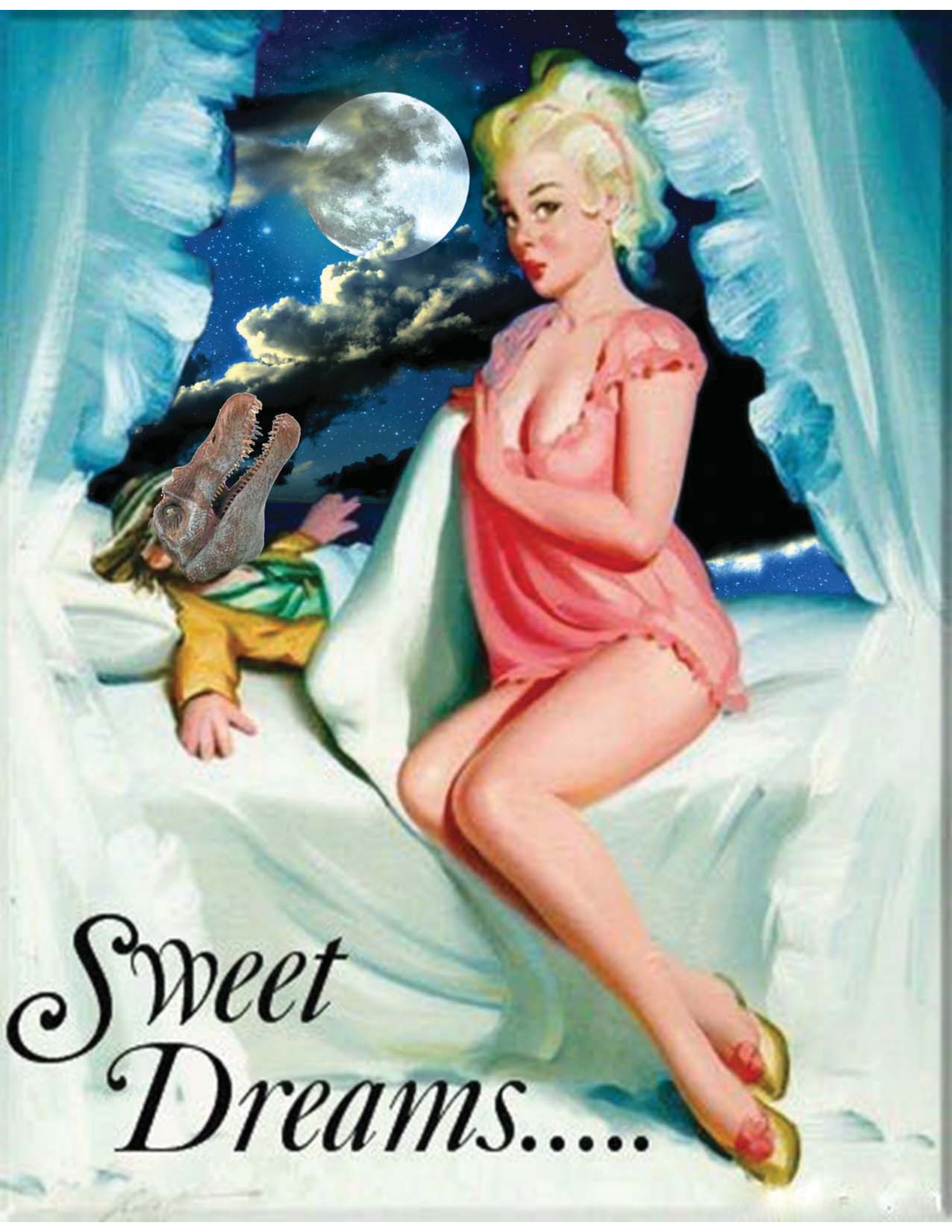












*Sweet  
Dreams.....*